

THE
BRITISH SWAIN.
IN FIVE
PASTORALS.

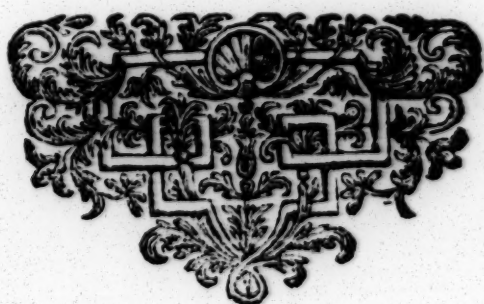
To which are added some

Miscellaneous POEMS,

Design'd as a Specimen of a larger Work.

— *Arbusta juvant, humilesq; Myricæ.* Virg.

By W. DAWSON.



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THE
BRITISH SWAIN.

PASTORAL I.

The *CHARM*.

BUXOMA, HOBNELIA.



Lose by the Entrance of the woodland
Plain,
Stood the low Cottage of a jolly
Swain:

The rotting Thatch had lain for many a Year;
And on its Eves green Turfs of Grass appear.

B

Before

Before his Hut, a little Spot of Ground
The Shepherd had with Hurdles fenc'd around ;
A five-bar'd Gate upon a Stake he hung,
On which *Buxoma* oft with Pleasure swung:
Within th' Enclosure of the Wicker Fence
He kept his Ducks and Geese, his Cocks and
Hens.

These young *Buxoma* fed, for 'twas to her
Of all the Poultry *Colin* left the Care.
'As from the Plain one Day *Hobnelia* hied,
Buxoma thro' the Gate the Damsel spied :
Straightway she beckned to the willing Lads,
Who ne'er without a Game at Chat cou'd pass.
'Across the Road the tidy Maiden trip'd,
'And to *Buxoma* o'er the Stile she skip'd.
The Lasses fate adown beneath the Shade
A spreading Elm's thick blending Branches made ;
For *Colin* a green Bank of Sod had rear'd
Round a tall Elm, that grew within his Yard.

The

The blithesome Damsels took this pleasing Seat,
And of their Sweethearts sang in Sonnets neat.

Buxoma.

Thou know'st, *Hobnelia*, who's my Fav'rite
Lout ;

Thou'st seen me often speed, I make no doubt,
Into yon Nook, where *Lobbin's* nibbling Sheep
Within the Compass of his Eye must keep.
As to the Swain I trip'd the other Day,
I pluckt a Bush of Fern that grew i'th' way.
When with my Knife assaunt I cut the Root,
Eftsoons I spied great *L* and *C* to boot :
And well thou weene'st, Lads, that Schollards spell
The Name of *Lobbin Clout* with *C* and *L*.

Hobnelia.

'Ay well I wot a happy Maid art thou,
For sure a trimmer Lad ne'er follow'd Plough :

But poor *Hobnelia* still was born to prove
 The cruel Torments of neglected Love.
 I'll tell thee, Lads, when *Prittilis* was wed,
 And we had seen the Swain and her to Bed,
 When all the Lads and Damsels flung the Hose,
 I only had the Luck to miss his Nose.
 Yet home I sped, and for my *Slouchy's* sake
 Beneath my Pillow laid the plummy Cake :
 But I, instead of dreaming of the Wight,
 Did nought but sleep and snore the live-long
 Night.

Buxoma.

Thou think'st so much of *Slouchy*, thou'lt forgot,
 That I was there, *Hobnelia*, hast thou not ?
 Dost thou not ween, that when the Joint grew
 bare,
 The Mutton Blade-bone fell to Father's Share ?

I beg'd it of him when he'd pickt it clean;
And flily hid it in my Lap unseen.
That Night you mind we all on's lay from home;
Because 'twas late, and we had far to come.
So I with *Roselinda* went to Bed,
And flipt the Bone beneath the Maiden's Head:
Pleas'd went to sleep; but when the Morning
came,
Soon as we up'd, I told the Lafs my Dream:
Straightway she gan of *Colinet* to tell,
And how she thought he kifs'd her passing well:
I bid her go and see on what she'd lain,
And so we laugh'd till almost burst in twain.

Hobnelia.

As the blue Sky with twinkling Stars was
fill'd,
One shooting cross the Welkin I beheld:
Straight in the Corner of my Apron blue
I knit a Knot, and *Slouchy* thought of you.

But

But yet to prove the Falseness of my Swain,
Before 'twas firm the Star was fix'd again.

Buxoma.

I'll tell thee, Wench, a pretty Prank to play,
I try'd it too my self the other Day.
Three Handfuls of our whitest Meal I took,
And with it blended Water from the Brook;
Then with clean Hands I kneaded it to Dough,
And made the Letters of the Criss-cross-row.
Eftsoons I put 'em in a Bason fair,
And fill'd it to the Top with Water clear.
Beneath my Bolster this I safely laid,
And slept upon it when I went to Bed;
But in the Morning, which was strange to see,
Upon the Top there swam an *L* and *C*;
And these, they say, the Name of him point out }
Who'er to you shall prove a loving Lout, }
Now *L* and *C* are found in *Lobbin Clout*.

Hobnelia.

Hobnelia.

I'll do't to Night ; yet in good sooth I fear
That after all I shall be ne'er the near,
Because I ne'er had Luck in all my Life ;
For t'other Day when Goodman Clody's Wife,
Who lives at upper End of all the Town,
With her first lusty Bairn was fall'n adown,
Straightway the Nurse, in Sarcenet Hood so nice,
Cut from the groaning Cheese each Laff a Slice :
With Pleasure then I to my Cottage sped,
And plac'd the Cheese with Care beneath my
Head.

But this prov'd worse than did the bridal Cake ;
For all the Night I tofs'd and lay awake.

Buxoma.

Last Night I dreamt a charming Dream, I trow,
Which if you'll tell me yours I'll let you know.

Hobnelia.

Hobnelia:

Come on then, Lafs; but first you yours shall tell,
For I too dreamt what pleas'd me passing well.

Buxoma:

I ween'd, *Hobnelia*, that I saw a Wight;
The feateft of the Plain with Flowers bedight;
I in my *Sunday* Gown was drest fo gay,
'And with the Shepherd deftly trip'd away.
Methought he from our Cottage led me ftraight
'Athwart the Plain to Kirk-house Meadow Gate;
Thence into Kirk we sped, and there we ftand,
Until the Parfon came and join'd our Hand.
Straight after him the jovial Shepherd faid,
I *Lobbin* with this Ring *Buxoma* wed;
But when it came to my Turn next to fpeak,
I found myfelf in Bed and broad awake:
Now then, *Hobnelia*, I your Promise claim;
That you rehearfe to me your laft Night's Dream.

Hobnelia:

Hobnelia.

Since thou so fairly hast proposed thine,
I'll keep my Word, and likewise tell you mine:
Methought one Morn the Lasses and the Swains
Met altogether on the grassy Plains,
They join their Hands so soon as e'er they can,
'Resolv'd to play at Thread-my-Needle-Nan;
Each Shepherd took the Lads he lik'd the best,
When *Slouchy* pickt out me from all the rest,
Tho' *Doudilis*, foul Quean! had Hopes her Smile
Wou'd sure the Lubbar of his Heart beguile.
But, oh! *Buxoma*, canst thou guess my Glee,
When spite of her he gave his Hand to me?
Such Joy's too great to last, you well may deem,
Eftsoons I wak'd, and found 'twas all a Dream.

C

Buxoma.

Buxoma.

Then fear not, Lads, to die all crown'd with
Willow,

I hid a Bunch of *Savine* in your Pillow,
And Gammer *Dreamwell* always said, you ween,
That then your Sweetheart true is ever seen.
Now then I'll tell you cheery News beside,
I shall before next Year be made a Bride:
I heard the Nightingale this Morning sing,
Nor have I heard the Cuckow all the Spring;
And Good-wives say, she ne'er to wed shall fail,
That 'fore the Cuckow hears the Nightingale.

More she had said, but that the Hens and
Cocks

By their loud Cackling made her ken a Fox.
Sly *Reynard* throws a Gosling o'er his Back,
And scuds away toward the Barley Stack;
Buxoma ran in Haste to snatch the Broom,
But in the Hurry took a Prong i'th' Room.

Just

Just at that Time the Shepherd *Cuddy* past,
And wonder'd where the Damsel hied so fast ;
Adown *Buxoma* falling from the Stile,
What *Cuddy* saw would make a Parson smile.
At length he spies the Fox, and quick pursues,
And from his Jaws redeem'd the wounded
Goose.

The Swain return'd expecting of his Bliss,
How from each Damsel he should gain a Kiss :
But as they both stood leaning on the Yate,
Sadly bewailing the poor Gosling's Fate,
Soon as they spied it in the Shepherd's Hand,
Their Ground no longer cou'd the Lasses stand ;
But blushing still at what he'd seen before,
Fled from the Yate, and clapt the Cottage
Door.



THE
BRITISH SWAIN.

PASTORAL II.

The *PLAIN*T.

ROSELINDA.



Eneath a shady Wood at Break of Day
All on the Ground sad *Roselinda* lay;
A little Hillock tursted o'er with Grass
Form'd a soft Pillow for the pensive Lass.
Thus *Roselinda* lay, while round her smile
The red edg'd Daisie and green Camomile.

The

The pining Daisie hung its envious Head,
Languid its Whiteness grew, and pale its Red;
No more it spreads its Colours to the Sun,
Those Beauties were by *Roselind* outdone.
When thus the Maiden vents her rueful Tale,
And Tears with fluent Eloquence prevail.
The Winds are conscious to her Complaints alone,
And in soft Murmurs answer ev'ry Groan.
Ah! *Colinet*, she cry'd, how long must I
Wish for my Death, yet be deny'd to die?
Thy *Roselinda* now nought else can crave,
Since she has follow'd mourning to thy Grave.
I well remember my Concern for you,
When round your Cot the jetty Raven flew,
And three times croak'd; but when it ceas'd its
Flight,
And on your new made Thatch I saw it light,
Oh! none can tell how grievous was my Fright!

Down

Down on my Knees I fell, and beg'd of *Pan*,
To pity *Roselind*, and spare her Swain ;
But beg'd in vain ; for on that very Night
I by your Window spied this dismal Sight :
The Dogs beneath had routed up the Ground,
Which tho' I thrice fill'd up, thrice open found,
And more to fill the Measure of my Woe,
They give three ominous Howls before they go.
I, all in Tears, cry'd, *Colinet* is gone,
And I poor hapless Maiden am undone !
That Haw-thorn Hedge, that wont so blithe
t'appear,
And trim with Flowers when *Colinet* was here,
No more shall seem or blithe or gay again,
Since cruel Death my *Colinet* has ta'en.
The gold-bill'd Blackbird, and the dapple Thrush,
That wont to caroll sweet on ev'ry Bush,
No longer Pleasance give ; my Shepherd's Art
Form'd the melodious Sounds that fir'd the Heart.
When

When first I went a Field to milk my Cow,
I saw him stand by Gaffer *Hobson's* Mow,
And whilst he careless lean'd upon his Rake,
My rising Bosom panted for his Sake :
Straight I hy'd Home, 'twas Eve of good *Saint*
Mark,

Then I resolv'd to know my loving Spark.
My Dame, not weening what was in my Head,
Eat some Milk-Porridge, and went up to Bed.
My House I swept, a bonny Fire I made,
Set out the Table, and the Cloth I laid,
Then brought the Victuals from the Shelf
within,

And hung a clean wash't Smock a-cross a Line ;
Then who wou'd come to turn it watch'd to see,
For he they say shall your true Lover be.

Beneath the Table I sat down unseen,
And e'er 'twas long young *Colinet* came in,

As

As near as I can guess 'twas one a Clock,
When pleas'd I saw the Shepherd turn my
Smock.

But ah the piteous Sight for *Roselind*!

A Satyr bore a Coffin close behind.

At this, surpriz'd, to Bed with speed I creep,
Nor got that livelong Night one Wink of Sleep.

A thousand Whimsies still possess'd my Head,
But most I fear'd that *Colinet* was dead.

Next Morning raithe I rose before the Sun,

And in my Shift I to my Casement run,

When overjoy'd I spy'd my *Colinet*

Pass whistling gay by *Cuddy's* Meadow Gate.

Unwittingly at Night I went to Bed,

And slept with Prayer Book beneath my Head:

The waggish *Prittilis* had laid it there,

And plac'd it open in a Leaf most rare,

The Place whereby the Parson does the Work,

When Lads and Lasses join their Hands at Kirk.

She

She put a Sixpence too, and cross'd a Pair
Of Box-haft Knives, which she had bought last
Fair.

She had been told, it seems, that this wou'd prove
A Charm to make one dream of one's true Love:
As thus I lay, the Visions of the Night
O'er-joy'd my Bosom with too vast Delight.
Methought I saw a blithesome Lad come forth;
Dight with the Beauties of the plunder'd Earth.
The Cowslip, Daisie, Rose and Jessamine
In blended Wreaths about his Temples twine.
Straight from his Head he doff'd the Garland
now,

And plac'd the flow'ry Trophies on my Brow:
Just here the envious Cock my Slumbers broke,
By crowing thrice, till from my Dream I'woke.
So up I got as soon as I cou'd see,
And sped across the Mead to milk my Kee.

D

Then

18 The *P L A I N T*.

Then home with smoaking Kit eftsoons I came,
Churn'd last Night's Cream, and then call'd up
my Dame.

I fed my Poultry, and well serv'd the Swine,
And carry'd Hay to keep in Heart my Kine.

Then *Prittilis* and I a Bargain make,
To gang i'th' Afternoon to *Busb-Green* Wake.

Where when we came, a jovial Crew we found
Of Lads and Lasses seated on the Ground.

Two oaken Towels in the Midst were laid,
And two new Belts of toughest Leather made.

High in the Air there hung a flow'ry Crown,
To grace his Brows that had the Conquest won.

Beside the Garland wav'd a Riband too,

The clearest Sky ne'er show'd a fairer Blue.

Then *Clouterkin* came forth, a Belt he took,

And challeng'd all the Swains with haughty
Look.

Young

Young *Colinet* stept up towards the Clown,
 Took t'other Belt, and laid the Bumkin down.
 The angry Swain resolv'd to've t'other Bout;
 But *Colinet* soon threw the clumsy Lout.
 The Lad disgrac'd, amid the Crowd retir'd,
 When *Colinet*, with Thirst of Glory fir'd,
 Snatch'd up the oaken Weapon from the Ground,
 And wav'd it thrice with deffest Motion round.
 Then *Clouterkin* advanc'd with mighty Rage,
 Resolv'd once more the Victor to engage.
 The other Cudgel from the Earth he took,
 Their Lengths once measur'd, no Delay they
 brook.

Long Time the Fray was doubtful of its End;
 For both with Art oppose, with Art defend.
 As on the Grass the rosie Lasses fate,
 Their Breasts oft anxious heav'd for *Colinet*.

The peerless Lad at length grew wondrous
quaint,

And towards the Lubbar's Heels he made a
Feint :

The Lout there guards, unmindful of his Fate,
So *Colinet* struck home, and broke his Pate.

A sympathizing Laugh spreads o'er the Plains,
Poor *Clouterkin* was jear'd by all the Swains.

A threefold Conquest *Colinet* might boast ;
For Damsels strove who should applaud him
most.

Straight with the Riband blue the Victor's bound,
'And the gay Garland girt his Temples round.

With Eyes intent the jealous Lasses view,
What happy Maid the Conqu'ror shou'd subdue.

Smiling across the Ring the Shepherd sped,
And plac'd the Sylvan Wreath around my Head.

The Riband too he gave me, and with this,
A long expected and long wisht-for Kiss.

Bedight

Bedight with these, I all that Day was seen
Mixt with the Lads and Lasses on the Green
In various Dance as fine as any Queen ;
Till sable Clouds, deckt round with Golden
Light,

Forewarn'd the Shepherds of approaching Night.
At setting Sun the rural Pastimes end,
The rustick Rout dispers'd, all homeward tend ;
Twixt the green Quicksets *Colinet* and I,
Pleasing and pleas'd, toward my Cottage hie.
Sometimes he press'd my Hand, and sighing said,
Oh ! were it always thus, my charming Maid !
Sometimes to make the Journey seem less long,
He'd pass the idle Moments in a Song ;
Or with his Pipe he'd fill the neighbouring
Grounds,

Till pining Echoes wanton'd with the Sounds
By various Repetition ; whilst the Swain
Play'd careless on thro' ev'ry puzzling Strain.

How

How pleasant has it been to see the Fawns,
 Fleet as the Winds, scud o'er the russet Lawns?
 Or set with *Colinet*, and see the Lambs
 In harmless Sports frisk round their fleecy Dams?
 We surely were the blithest Lads and Swain,
 That ever tended Sheep upon the Plain.
 But now, alas! all Sun-burnt is my Neck,
 The Cherry glows not on my faded Cheek.
 So pale my Face is grown, I scarce cou'd tell
 I saw my own sad Form in yonder Well.
 Oh! never may my Visage bloom again,
 Till I in Death shall join my peerless Swain!
 'Ah *Colinet*! thou Lad of mickle Meed,
 That well couldst sing, and dance, and tune the
 Reed!

Why do I think on what he was? he's dead,
 And *Roselinda*'s ev'ry Joy is fled:

Thus sung the Maid her Melancholy Tale,
 In Musick mournful as the Nightingale,

When

When dusky Clouds across the Welkin flew,
And spread a sable Mantle o'er its Blue.
The gaudy heavenly Bow so rear explains
A Tempest rising, and descending Rains.
The piteous Damsel leaves her grassy Bed,
And thro' a neighb'ring Meadow homeward sped.
With swelling Teats her lowing Cattle stand,
And wait the gentle Pressure of her Hand.





THE
BRITISH SWAIN.

PASTORAL III.

The *BRAWL*.

SLOUCHY, CLOUTERKIN, COLINET.



Sing the Carols of two blithesome
Swains,

Both fed their Flocks on *York-shire's*
grassy Plains.

The flow'ry Banks were gilded by the Sun,
Which now had more than half his Journey run.

The

The woolly Sheep lay basking in the Blaze,
Whilst he assaunt shot forth his milder Rays.
But now to seek the Hedges they began,
And there for Noon-tide Shelter panting ran.
Their Keepers too retir'd beneath the Shade
An aged Oak's wide spreading Branches made.
Here *Clouterkin* and *Slouchy* hap'd to meet,
And plac'd themselves upon a turfted Seat,
Whilst *Tray* and *Whitefoot* lay at either's Feet.
Each eat his homely Mefs; but in the End
They scarce knew how their idle Time to spend;
When *Colinet* appearing on the Plain,
Young *Slouchy* thus bespoke his Fellow Swain.

Slouchy.

We oft' were wont to have a Bout in Verse;
While ev'ry Lout did what he pleas'd rehearse.
Why stand we mute then, whilst our fleecy Sheep
Beneath the Shadow of yon Quickset sleep?

E

And

And see where *Colinet* i'th' Nick of Time
Is come to judge which of us best can rhyme.

Clouterkin.

Slouchy, come on; but I'll not strive for nought;
For I to sing by *Lobbin Clout* was taught:
And *Lobbin* is, you ween, the deffest Swain,
That ever danc'd or sung on all the Plain:
Now therefore for a Wager I will lay
Tray's new brass Collar, mine shall be the Day.

Slouchy.

Wagers I love not; for I've heard 'em say,
That none but Fools and Fiddlers Wagers lay:
But since the Collar is on your Part laid,
I'll stake this knotted Sheep-hook newly made.
Now then begin, and to your Verses look:
The Collar *Whitefoot* wears, or you the Crook.

Clouterkin.

Clouterkin.

Thee, *Blouzelinda*, for my Song I take :
For thee alone my Carols trim I make !
Eftsoons return to me, my Mistress fair,
Or all my ragged Sheep will quite grow bare.
Believe me, *Slouchy*, for I'm sure you may,
A neater Lads ne'er made a Cock of Hay.
Often with Pleasure on the Grass I've laid,
While *Prittilis* and she their Gambols play'd.

Slouchy.

I'd rather far behold my Lambkins leap
In harmless Pastimes round the older Sheep.
There I can gaze, and fear no Danger nigh
From the soft Rowlings of a Damsel's Eye.
And well the Case had been with both, I trow,
If we had learnt this Lesson long ago.

E 2

Clouterkin.

Clouterkin.

Slouchy, you did not talk thus erst I ween,
When *Doudilis* did whilome trip the Green.
Then wou'dst thou stand all leaning on thy
Crook,
Gape at the Lafs, and like a Lubbar look:
Then sing her Name in Madrigals so rare,
Tho' she with *Blouzelind* cou'd ne'er compare.

Slouchy.

Hold, witlefs Lout, thou show'st thy Skill, I
ween,
With *Doudilis* to name so foul a Quean.
As well the Crow were liken'd to the Dove,
As *Blouzelinda* to the Lafs I love.

Clouterkin.

Clouterkin.

Then tell me, *Slouchy*, pray what boots thy Love;
Since from these Plains thy *Doudilis* does rove ?
Prithee go seek her, Swain, and leave thy Flocks;
Or drive 'em with their Younglings o'er the
Rocks,
Till pierc'd with Scant of Food they grow so thin;
That all their Ribs are number'd thro' their Skin.

Slouchy.

Better do that, than having lost my Crook;
With folded Arms like *Crooksmore* Lion look.
But prithee since thou talk'st of meagre Sheep;
What Lout does *Goodman Hobson's* Younglings
keep?
Unhappy Herds! their Fleeces all are shorn,
Not by the Sheers, but by the Brambles torn.
Thou dost both Younglings and their Master bilk;
For ev'ry Hour the Yews thou twice dost milk.

Shent

Shent with the Lack of Food the Lambkins bleat,
And suck in vain the drained spongy Teat.

Clouterkin.

Tell me, thou Carle, did e'er you see me climb
Old *Cloddy's* Orchard Fence at Midnight time ?
Tray stood and cock'd his Ears awhile to hark,
Then smelt you out, and gan aloud to bark.
I wak'd old *Cloddy*, bid him speed to rise,
If of his Orchard he the Fruit did prize.
'Adown you leapt, and stuck my watchful *Tray*,
Then skulk't behind a Tree, or ran away.

Slouchy.

Lubbar, 'tis false, thou lying Shepherd Swain !
'And if thou dar'st to say it once again,
I straight will bunch thee all around the Plain.

Clouterkin.

Clouterkin.

I'll say't again, and will again it say;
 For thou was't bitten in the Leg by *Tray*.
 You bunch me round the Plain! you flouching
 Carle,
 You cannot bite, you can do nought but snarl.
 Were you not beaten at the last Year's Wake,
 When you from *Cuddy* wou'd his Sweet-heart
 take?

Did not old *Cloddy* break thy senseless Pate,
 For being saucy by our Meadow Yate?
 Thou hast been thrash'd at times by ev'ry Swain,
 Yet, in good sooth, you'll kick me round the
 Plain!

Bumkin, come on, if yet you dare to fight;
 For I'm resolv'd this once to prove your Might.

Colinet.

Colinet.

Hold, peevish Witlings! if these Brawls are
Songs,

To some one else to name the best belongs.

So like your Carols are from last to first,

I vow and swear, I wot not which is worst.

Rise, Shepherds, rise; you, *Slouchy*, keep your
Crook,

'And drive your Flocks to water at the Brook.

You, *Clonterkin*, your Collar likewise keep,

'And better learn henceforth to tend your Sheep.

'Agree in Love, for shame, ye wayward Swains,

Nor let such Broils disturb the peaceful Plains.

The Sun's adown; ye Shepherds, speed away,

Your Herds have left the Shades, and soon will
stray.

T H E



THE
BRITISH SWAIN.

PASTORAL IV.

The *MATIN*.

CLODDY, and GRUBBINOL.

Cloddy.



Here gang'st thou, *Grubbinol*? what,
into Town?

Awhile, if thou hast Leisure, sit adown.

As yet no Sun doth o'er the Hills appear,
And Folk of Town wont not to up so rear.

F

With

With pearly Dew the Blades of Grass are dight,
And mounting Larks with Songs the Sun invite.

Grubbinol.

From ev'ry Bush is heard the Note of Birds,
And the fresh Morn a Pleasance blithe affords.
Not far I'm going, and awhile will stay,
If thou wilt tend my Herds when I'm away.
A sad Mischance had I but yester Eve,
When on these Plains my Flocks I hap't to leave:
The Ram athirst did to the River hie,
His Fleeces even now been't thorow dry.

Cloddy.

Come then, my Lad, let's take this blithesome
Seat,
Anon I'll give your Flocks all Tendance meet:
But tell me, *Grubbinol*, the Reason why
So often into Town thou'rt wont to hie.

I shrewdly ween, thou'lt kenn'd some Damsel
Imart,
And by a heedless Look hast lost thy Heart.

Grubbinol.

Cloddy, I deem thee for a cunning Wight,
Since thou so rightly judgest of my Plight.
Nor am I wistful that my Guere is known,
Since *Violetta* makes my Case thy own.
Alike we rearly rise, alike we pine ;
My Heart's *Oafelia's*, *Violetta's* thine.

Cloddy.

While Sky-Larks build their Nests upon the
Ground,
And batning Eels in slimy Dykes are found ;
While nimble Squirrels frisk from Spray to Spray,
And weak-ey'd Owls avoid the Sight of Day ;
While Willows flourish by the flowing Stream,
So long shall *Violetta* be my Theme.

Grubbinol.

Sooner shall Reeds the highest Hills adorn,
 And sultry Noon be cooler than the Morn :
 Sooner shall *Aspen* Leaves forget to shake,
 And buxome Lasses chace the speckled Snake :
 Sooner shall Ivy cease the Oak to bind,
 Than my *Oafelia* vanish from my Mind.

Cloddy.

As I last Year by yonder Copsie did speed,
 I saw a painted Jay her Nestling feed.
 Streightway did I unto her Nest repair,
 And rob'd the tender old one of its Care.
 I fed the gaping Bird full many a Day,
 Then flit its Tongue, and taught it thus to say:
Tho' I with dainty Plumes am clad so rare,
Yet Violetta trimmer is by far.

Grubbinol.

Grubbinol.

As I one Night was tripping home from Field,
Tir'd with its Flight a Mag-pye I beheld.
Ee'r it could rest, the weary Bird I caught,
Convey'd it home, and soon this Lesson taught:
Oafelia, leave the Town, and cheer the Plain;
For Grubbinol shall be thy faithful Swain.
When Mag could well repeat this Verse so rare,
I turn'd it lose again, to fleet in Air.
This Bird the Talk of ev'ry Lout did prove,
And by this neat Device I gain'd my Love.

Cloddy.

As I of Land an Ox-gang plough'd one Day,
Gay *Violetta* in the Hedges lay.
Soon as I turn'd my Back, the buxome Maid
With mellow Apples briskly plied my Head.
I minding not the Proverb to fulfill,
To catch that Mouse soon let the Plough stand
still.

The

The Wanton hid herself, and would not speak,
Yet giggled loud, lest I in vain should seek.

Grubbinol.

The Lads and Damsels all one Even-tide
Together met, and play'd at Hoopers-hide.
The Lot determin'd me from ev'ry Clown,
That while the rest did hide, must lie adown.
Adown I lay, yet cast a side-long Eye,
And saw *Oafelia* to the Hay-rick hie.
Straight for the nonce I pass'd each Swain and
Lafs,
And made as tho' the Hay-rick I wou'd pass.
Oafelia hoop'd, the Reason ween you well;
For says the Proverb, Never kifs and tell.

Cloddy.

One sultry Noon beneath a Tree I lay,
And on my Pipe to please myself did play.

The

The clouded Welkin darken'd soon the Plain,
And here or there adown fell Drops of Rain :
Her Flocks my *Violetta* left in haste,
I ken'd the Damsel as she deftly past.
As from the Plain she overly did flee,
A filken Garter dropt from off her Knee.
Away I sped, and caught it in a trice,
And read eftsoons thereon this neat Device :
As this is wont my tender Knee to bind,
So to my Heart my Sweet-heart true is twin'd.
Oh ! may I prove that Sweet-heart true to be !
For sure I am she thought of was by me :
And Lads and Lasses say, your Sweet-heart
true,
When e'er your Garter slackens, thinks of you :

Grubbinol.

Ten Pigs my Sow did farrow t'other Night,
And ev'ry Tenth you wot's the Parson's Right.

Laft

Last Eve I home did bear the squeaking Fee, }
 And there I hap'd the Parson's Maid to see, }
 Who wistful look'd, and fix'd her Eyes on me. }
 I left the Pig, and would no longer stay,
 But for *Oafelia's* sake I turn'd away.
 Tho' well I ween, if I would faithless prove,
 The Parson's Maid would fix on me her Love.

Cloddy.

I wou'd not *Violetta* leave to gain
 The Love of all the Lasses on the Plain.
 The featest Lafs is she, nor lack I Wealth;
 So let us to the *George*, and drink her Health.

Grubbinol.

I wou'd with all my Heart, but must away,
 I have already made too long a Stay:

For

For, see, the Sun has dry'd up all the Dew,
That now the **G**rafs will scarcely wet one's Shoe:
But *Cloddy* tend my Herds if they should lack,
And **I** will owe a Pot when I come back.





THE
BRITISH SWAIN.

PASTORAL V.

The *M O A N*.

S L O U C H Y.



O close the Prospect of the grassy
Plains,

Where fleecy Flocks are tended by
the Swains,

Bedight with dusky Greens a Hill appear'd ;

Slucky, beneath, his homely Cottage rear'd.

Shady

Shady it stood beneath two aged Oaks,
Just thro' its Thatch the lowly Chimney smoaks.
Slouchy, of all the Swains the featest Wight,
Here sat adown, and plain'd his piteous Plight.
In Rills, on one Hand, ran a purling Brook;
Neglected, on the other, lay his Crook.
On a near Elm a murm'ring Turtle sat,
In dreary Cooings wait'd its absent Mate.
All round him lay his brinded Kine and Sheep,
His bearded Goats, and *Lightfoot* too asleep.
A Nightingale to aid his Ditty came,
And nightly Howlets 'gan their dismal Screams!
Rueful he sat, beheld his rural Care,
His Dog, his Goats, his Kine, and Sheep so fair.
Soon as his heaving Bosom gave a Groan,
To Hills and Woods he made this bootless Moan:

Ah hapless *Slouchy*! hapless Lad indeed!
When with my Cattle first to Town I sped,

A Lads all gayly dight I hap'd to see,
From whence, oh rueful Day! farewell my
Glee.

*Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain;
For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.*

And certes well, if rightly I can deem,
'A studded Sheep-hook wou'd thy Hand beseem.
A sylvan Wreath each Shepherd wou'd com-
pose

Of ev'ry Flower that in the Meadow grows.
The harmless Kidlings round wou'd frisk and
play,

And joyous Sonnets pass the Time away.

*Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain;
For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.*

Nor dost thou need this rural Life despise,
Or this small Cottage for its homely Guise:

Cou'd

Cou'd I from thee but once my Heart remove,
Joyous wou'd *Doudilis* receive my Love.
What tho' her Skin doth lack thy rosie Hue?
The Haw-thorn Red doth aye the Ground
bestrew.

*Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain ;
For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.*

These woolly Flocks, and all these Cattle fair,
Have, for thy sake, full often been my Care ;
But shall no more ; since me thou dost disdain,
Nor ask'st what Herds I have that graze the Plain.
These bleating Sheep, these lowing brinded Kee
To thy soft Hand wou'd yield their Milk with
Glee.

Leave me ye Lambkins, and ye Kidlings go ;
For I alas ! am shent with piteous Woe !

*Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain ;
For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.*

This

This tender Cade-lamb up by Hand I've brought,
And many blithesome Frolicks I have taught.
'Twou'd please thee much, and make thee blithe
and gay,

To see the sportive Youngling deftly play.
This *Doudilis* has often beg'd in vain,
But now eftsoons she will the Gift obtain.

*Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain;
For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.*

Whilome for joyous Carols I was known:
Now well-a-day all Merriment is gone!
I wily Riddles shall no more compose,
With which my cunning Mates I wont to pose.
I've puzzled oft the Lasses and the Swains,
And Kisses sweet did well reward my Pains.

To

To know the Sense, each Lads wou'd hie alone ;
I kifs'd 'em first, then told 'em ev'ry one.

*Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain ;
For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.*

A neater Lads the Plains shall never see,
Nor one so gay bedeck't by half as thee.
I'll sheer my woolly Sheep in yonder Barn,
The finest Wool thy self shalt spin to Yarn ;
We'll dye the finest Yarn thy Hands have spun,
To make for thee a gaudy *Sunday Gown*.

*Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain ;
For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.*

Geese, Ducks, and Pullets, here in plenteous
Store,

And cobbling Turkeys peck around the Door.

At *Christmas-tide* a good plump Goose we'll
kill,

Thy cleanly Hands the stretching Neck shall fill
With

With Grots and Blood, with Herbs and Spice so
rare,

Knit up both Ends, and form a Pudding fair :

Then our own Oven will I heat, and bake

The Carcase in a Pye, which thou shalt make.

Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain ;

For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.

When we a Field shall reap the Wheat so brown,

You binding Sheaves which I shall cut adown,

I'll still be near thee, and amuse the Day

With some quaint Catch, or buxom Roundelay.

Come, Roselinda, come, to cheer thy Swain ;

For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.

'Ah woe is me ! for Woe does still betide,

Since the tight Lads first drew my Eyes aside.

'Ah well-a-day that *Slouchy* e'er was born !

For the Town Maiden *Slouchy's* Love does scorn.

Sleep

Sleep on my Goats, my udder'd Cattle sleep;
Sleep on ye Lambkins, and thou *Lightfoot* sleep.
Ah hapless *Slucky*! now what wilt thou do?
If one Lads fails thee, thou mayst find a new.
Then come, my Doudilis, to cheer thy Swain;
For Mirth it were to ken thee trip the Plain.





Miscellaneous P O E M S.

HYMN to the MOON.



Ail soft resplendent Majesty of Night;
Fair argent Radiance of reflected
Light !

Tir'd with Refulgence of his mounted Ray,
The Day's dread Monarch leaves his golden
Sway ;

Flies to regale his Beams in those fair Fields;
Where steamy Spice a richer Nectar yields :

Yet

Miscellaneous POEMS. 51

Yet e'er he sinks to bath him in the Main,
Names thee bright Regent of the vast Domain:
Thy Side his Quiver decks, thy Hand his Bow,
And all his Glories grace thy gentler Brow.

Rob'd with a fleecy Cloud, you mount the
Throne,

Proud of the silver Skirtings it has on.

While you adorn the Chrystal Court in State;
Attendant Stars all gem'd with Sapphire wait:
But if disrob'd you range th' Ætherial Plain,
Still are you circled by the Virgin Nain,
Dance to the Musick of the rowling Spheres,
All humbly veiling, where their Queen appears:
While thus each stellar Throne Obsequience
pays,

The Earth too honours thy deputed Rays.
Thou reign'st Co-regent in the Realm of Love,
Thy Light averted forms its shadowy Grove.

H 2

The

52 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

The soft Reflections of thy sportive Beams
Are the *Meanders* of its silver Streams.
Here *Venus* bathes her, and, devoid of Care,
Unlocks her Beauties to the God of War.
Wild staring Phrensy to thy fuller Blaze
The menſile Tribute of her Treſſes pays.

 Oft' from thy dusky Wardrobe, gentle Queen,
With Pomp of Horrors thou array'ſt the Spleen:
Thou'rt held a Goddess thro' her gloomy Reign,
And many a Victim's on thy Altar ſlain.
The Ghosts, that monumental Marble love,
And the dark Caverns of their ſtony Grove,
That ſhrink affrighted from the ſolar Ray,
Enjoy the Noon-tide of thy milder Day,
Join the thin Shadows of the Fairy Train,
And trip the Circles of th' enamell'd Plain.
Neptune by Force his World with thee divides,
Puſſant Empreſs of the refluent Tides!

Whene'er

Whene'er thy Orb in Triumph marches round,
Long Ranks of Waves, in fluid Fetters bound,
With Joy forsake old *Ocean's* wild Commands,
And trace thy Footsteps thro' discover'd Lands:
Pleas'd with the soft Captivity they lead,
They climb the Channel, and o'erflow the Mead.



The I N F A N T.

WEak from its quicker'd Rudiments in
Earth,
The finish'd Miniature receives its Birth,
Forms its first Efforts on that wondrous Plan,
And shows the Buddings of the future Man;
Between two Worlds maintains a glorious Strife;
Bursts from the Womb, and struggles into Life.
The Mother clasps it in her tender Folds;
Fast to that Stem the twining Tendril holds,
Draws

54 *Miscellaneous* POEMS.

Draws thence a Stock of radicated Woes,
 And oft' pays dearly for the Life it owes.
 Insensile then we grasp the pleasing Ill,
 And fondly hug th' accursed Blessing still ;
 Proud of the Gift the grateful Scion shows
 Early Returns, and first its Mother knows :
 She learns th' unfledg'd Ideas of his Mind,
 Tells the glad Father what the Babe design'd,
 Who listning to the Tale might well divine,
 His Son the Genius of the Age should shine.



*On a L A D Y not extreamly handsome,
 who prevented my Fall, by giving
 me her Hand.*

LET Fools assert that good old *Homer* nods,
 Who helps his Heroes by descending Gods.
 Perhaps

Perhaps the fightless Poet met with Aid
(Like me when falling) from some bounteous
Maid :

Then sure to blame him most extreamly odd is,
Because he terms his kind Supporter, Goddess.
Needs must I own, that had I wanted Eyes,
I'd scarce forborn from doing Sacrifice.
So soft her Hand, the Quintessence of Air
Wou'd lose its Softness if it durst compare.
Yet when I view'd, I found my Touch betray'd,
And *Venus* sunk beneath old *Colin's* Maid.



To *CHLOE*, who always laugh'd at
her own Repartees.

CHLOE has Wit, I needs must own,
And seems good natur'd too ;
Her Lashes ne'er extort a Frown,
Altho' she strikes you thro'.

Alas !

56 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

'Alas ! her Smiles are more severe,
 Than is a sullen Eye ;
She triumphs in that fatal Sneer,
 And mocks our Misery.

She's far more cruel than the Snake;
 Whose Hisses always sound,
Before he rises from the Brake
 To give the deadly Wound.

She, swift as Lightning on the Oak,
 The bright Destruction gives ;
Her Thunder vollies at the Stroke,
 To shed the wither'd Leaves.

More tender are the Crocodiles,
 A friendly Tear they shed ;
But on our Ruins *Chloe* smiles,
 And tramples on us dead.

To



To the same.

YOU'D have us, *Chloe*, writhe our Face,
And form ten thousand Shapes,
To countenance your queer Grimace,
Convert our selves to Apes.

I beg your Tongue may never budge
Within its twofold Fence,
Unless you'll leave the World to judge,
If what you say be Sense.

Chloe, while thus you show your Teeth,
In vain you show your Wit,
'Tis puff'd away by noisy Breath,
That always follows it.



*A PARAPHRASE on Ecclesiastes xii.
to the 4th Verse.*

1. **W**HILST thy young Cheeks with
rosy Beauty bloom,
E'er yet thy Life its vigorous Hours consume;
Be thy first Thoughts employ'd to traverse o'er
The Wonders of that great creative Power,
That from past Slumber of eternal Years
Awakes the Void, and into Being rears
This stately Pile, this spacious Round of Earth,
And animates a Clod to give thee Birth.
Be this thy Care, e'er Time's swift Minutes rowl
Billows of Evil on thy sinking Soul;
E'er the approaching Days thy Strength destroy,
And cause thy Soul to nauseate ev'ry Joy.

2. Whilst

2. Whilst yet the Sun informs the visual Ray,
And gives its brightest Beams to gild the Day;
E'er yet the Light its own Reverse is made,
Lost in the dark unsufferable Shade;
Whilst yet the Moon reflects her silver Rays,
Rejoicing in the weak fictitious Blaze;
Whilst yet the Stars, those radiant Orbs of Light,
Softens the dark, the rugged Brow of Night;
E'er Reason's brighter Lights, that rule within,
Sick'ning by Steps at length forget to shine;
E'er yet the vital Flame shall cease to burn,
And into pearly Drops thy Moisture turn,
That uninvited stay not for thy Call,
But gem thy Visage dubious when to fall.

3. The slacken'd Nerves unbrace the guardian
Arms,
And trembling leave the Pile expos'd to Harms,

60 *Miscellaneous POEMS.*

E'er yet the Legs those mighty Men are bow'd,
And groan like *Atlas* with th' uneasy Load :
E'er yet the Teeth, forgetful of their Use,
To grind the Viands their weak Aid refuse ;
Scarce here or there exert their feeble Rage,
But stand thin Ruins of destructive Age :
E'er yet a rising Dimness veils the Sight,
Too tender to admit the naked Light ;
A cloudy Curtain cross the Windows throws,
Whilst darkning Shadows on the Eyes impose.



The DISAPPOINTMENT.
To CUPID.

I.

NOW, Tyrant God, thy Rule give o'er,
And lay aside thy cruel Bow :

Thy

Thy Shafts shall wound Mankind no more :
This, vain Deceiver, thou shalt know.

II.

I'll make thy Tricks and Falshood plain
To all the free-born Sons of Men.
None will hereafter hug thy Chain ;
And where's thy fancy'd Empire then ?

III.

A Heart untainted to resign,
And to expect our Joys from thee !
'Tis vain I know. I gave up mine,
Yet wast thou false to Love and me.

IV.

Thou know'st how often I've past by
The shining Circlets of the Fair,
Still casting but a heedless Eye
On all the brightest Glories there.

V.

62 *Miscellaneous* POEMS.

V.

Yet when *Septimia's* Charms I view'd,
To her I render'd up my Heart ;
Devoted at her Shrine I stood,
And bless'd thy pleasing killing Dart.

VI.

Yet, cruel God, thy faithless Craft,
When I had yielded to thy Dart,
Wounded the Fair one with a Shaft
Dipt in the Blood of *Theron's* Heart.

VII.

So now, phantastick Boy, adieu,
I'll your despotick Sway forsake ;
Septimia's Eyes no more than you
Shall over me a Conquest make.



The despairing SWAIN.

I.

SAD *Philocles* sigh'd to the Wind,
The Wind it lamented his Moan;
Whilst *Echo* stood pining behind,
And gave him back ev'ry Groan.

II.

Ye Winds, have the Grace to be mov'd,
Complaining the fond Shepherd said;
The hard-hearted Nymph is reprov'd,
By the gentler Returns you have made.

III.

To *Echo* himself he address'd,
Compassion, says he, thou hast shown;
Which proves that the Pains of thy Breast
Are almost as great as my own.

64 *Miscellaneous POEMS.*

IV.

'Twill yield me some little Relief,
With you a Companion to stray ;
The Night shall be spent in your Grief,
In Tales of my Sorrow the Day.

V.

The languishing Theme of your Woe
The Shepherd *Narcissus* shall be ;
For *Phillis* I'll mourn where I go,
Till grown a mere Shadow like thee.

VI.

To whisper our Complaints in a Cave,
Come, piteous Maid, let's retire ;
Such Places are likest the Grave.
The pitiful Nymph said, retire.

VII.

At length on the Side of a Hill
A damp dusky Cavern they found ;

There

There *Philocles* figh'd to his Fill,
And *Echo* repeated the Sound.

VIII.

But yet the sad Nymph had an Art,
Whereby she wou'd flatter his Pains ;
When speaking the Thoughts of her Heart,
She seem'd but repeating the Swain's.

IX.

He seated himself on the Ground,
His Hand it supported his Head ;
Despairing he shew'd ev'ry Wound
The changing false *Phillis* had made.

X.

If once on his *Rival* he thought,
Ye Gods, in a Rage he wou'd cry ;
Oh! blast all the Charms he has got,
For whom I thus languishing die !

K

Narcissus

66 . *Miscellaneous POEMS.*

XI.

Narcissus was still *Echo's* Thought,
Ye Gods, the fond Nymph would reply;
Ob ! blast all the Charms he has got,
For whom I thus languishing die !

XII.

Thus *Philocles* dy'd in Despair,
Whilst *Echo* still humour'd his Pain ;
When he died, the sad Nymph did repair
To another sad desperate Swain.

FINIS.



